

















View of the "Foundry" where Knick-o-types and Val-lou-types are made. No smoke, no dirt, no black lead smudge. Lighting and ventilation superior to surroundings of the usual white-collar jobs. The only plate-making department extant where white clothing can be and is exclusively worn.



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# AFTER THREE YEARS

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*The Story of the Application of an Old  
Principle in Platemaking and its  
Adaptation to Book Printing*



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THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

AND

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KNICK-O-TYPES AND VAL-LOU-TYPES ARE  
TRADE NAMES WHICH APPLY EXCLUSIVELY  
TO THE PRODUCT OF THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

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THIS BOOKLET WAS PRINTED ENTIRELY  
FROM KNICK-O-TYPES AND VAL-LOU-  
TYPES MADE IN OUR PLANT BY THE  
PROCESS HEREIN DESCRIBED.

Printed on Warren's No. 66 Paper



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## *After Three Years*

THREE YEARS AGO WE ANNOUNCED THE DEVELOPMENT AND perfection of a new type of plate for book printing. It was an event of such major importance to the Book Publishing Industry that its true value was not then fully recognized even by ourselves. Now, after three years of further development and refinement, these plates, which are known by the trade names of Knick-o-types and Val-lou-types, are pre-eminent in the field, their reputation fully established on the basis of their outstanding merit.

For many years stereotype plates have been in general use in European countries; but here, because of inertia or tradition, the slower, more complicated and more expensive electrotpe process has been and still is the method most generally in use.

Back in Cleveland, Ohio, almost 35 years ago, we realized that there was a better and cheaper way of producing printing plates. We then, and from time to time at later periods, made investigations of various stereotyping methods, and while we found that stereotypes could be successfully used for ordinary printing, this kind of plate was not good enough for the high-class results demanded by our class of trade. We even made an extensive investigation of the aluminum process, which seemed at the time to be on the eve of great development.

The result of these years of investigation is a pronounced contribution to the art of book printing and the perfection

of a product that has *completely superseded the old electrotype method in our plant*. We herewith present the superior qualities of Knick-o-types and Val-lou-types over those of electrotypes:

1) COST.

While the materials used are more expensive than those used in electrotypes, our New Plates are produced in such a simple manner that we are able to sell them at a price considerably lower than the prevailing price of electrotypes.

2) QUALITY.

The elaborate finishing process in the production of electrotypes, which frequently results in a damaged face, is wholly lacking in the production of Knicks and Vals. This is due to the fact that the plate as it comes from the casting box lies flat and is of uniform thickness.

3) UTILITY.

Ofttimes a publisher requires two sets of plates, the extra set going to England, or used for multiple presswork purposes. In the case of electrotypes the second set costs as much as the first set. With Knick-o-types or Val-lou-types the cost of the second set of plates is only 65 per cent and 60 per cent respectively of the first set.

4) EMERGENCY.

If an electrotype is accidentally damaged or destroyed, it requires a day's time under stress to set the type and make an entirely new plate; or set the type and patch the old plate; all at a considerable expense in plating and press-holding.

In the case of our product, the new plate requires no more

than twenty minutes' time to reproduce, and the cost is trifling.

(Herewith is an actual example of an emergency case: Some two years ago a pressroom near New York phoned our New York office asking for the reproduction of one of our plates that had been accidentally smashed on the press. Our New York office immediately teletyped our Binghamton plant and caught the foundry fifteen minutes before closing time. Five minutes after closing time the matrix had been secured from the files; the page was cast; the nickel was duly deposited; the plate was finished, and then delivered to the shipping department in time to catch one of the express bags which goes to our New York office every evening. Upon the arrival of the pressman the next morning the new plate was waiting for him; and all of this with no greater loss of time or effort on the part of the pressman than the telephoning of the request the night before.)

5) **ADVANTAGE.**

The matrices produced in making our new style plates are included in the price of the plates and become the property of the publisher. They are kept on file in a safe repository without cost for storage. A distinct advantage.

6) **RELIABILITY.**

When we first introduced Knick-o-types and Val-lou-types we made a standing offer that if the plates did not meet with the publisher's complete satisfaction, we would replace them with electrotypes without extra charge. We have never been called upon to make this guarantee good, though we have furnished hundreds of thousands of these plates to the trade.

(A test: A year since we furnished a set of Knick-o-types for a pamphlet that usually ran upwards of a million copies, guaranteeing that if the millionth copy showed material wear the customer was free to call and demand another set of plates. He has not called.)

7) **DUST.**

While we have kept our electrotype foundry intact, the machinery is covered with dust. During the past three

years, we have been called upon to make electrotypes for six books only, and this demand was due wholly to the desire of the author, who wanted the plates to correspond with the series to which they belonged.

8) PATCHING.

Knick-o-types and Val-lou-types can be patched as readily and as cheaply as electrotypes. Patches made with our new process can be inserted in electrotypes with the same facility as electrotype patches can be inserted in electrotypes.

9) SUPERIORITY.

Knick-o-types (this name is registered in the Patent Office) are Val-lou-types plated with nickel. This nickel plate gives Knick-o-types a better printing surface for two reasons: (a) nickel is harder than copper; and (b) nickel is a better medium for transferring ink from rollers to plate, and from plate to paper, than that of any other substance. In support of one phase of superiority we quote from a recent pamphlet designed to promote the use of electrotypes, as follows:

"Some colored inks are degraded in color by chemical action on the copper shell, and frequently the shell itself is attacked and rapidly destroyed. Nickel has none of these disadvantages, and its hardness as compared with copper insures a longer life to the plate."

10) HALF TONES.

It is our experience in plating half tones that Knick-o-types are superior to electrotypes.

11) SAVING.

Where there is an uncertainty as to the sale of a new book, the first edition can be printed from type and later



matrices may be made from the type at a nominal cost. The type can then be destroyed, thus making a considerable saving in the cost of storage. Later, if new editions are required, plates can be made from the matrices. This method saves cost of revision, lock-up and the higher price of printing from type.

12) JUNK.

Since the stereotype metal in these New Plates is more expensive than the electrotpe metal used in electrotypes, its resale value as old-metal is greater than that of electrotypes when it comes time to scrap the plates.

13) AND HOW.

In developing and adopting this new type of plate it became necessary to scrap the machinery of an expensive department; to make a heavy investment in new equipment; to provide new quarters for the department; and to incur considerable expense and much time in perfecting the product before we were satisfied to place it upon the market.

Looking back over this period we are more than satisfied with our pioneering efforts. It is an epoch in one important branch of the Graphic Arts; the plate is equal or superior to any printing plate heretofore produced, and the saving to the publisher will make a tidy sum in the cost of book production.



THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE TAKEN  
FROM BOOKS ACTUALLY PRINTED FROM  
KNICK-O-TYPES OR VAL-LOU-TYPES



Although the quarrel between Meade and Sheridan furnished the occasion for Grant to send the latter on his raid, he had solid reasons for doing so. In the Wilderness, Meade had been constantly pulling the cavalry back to guard the wagon-trains, where it became entangled with the infantry and left the Confederate cavalry free to scout around the flanks and obstruct the advance of the army. Sent on a raid, it would clear the road of its own long columns of troops, combat-trains and forage-wagons. Drawing Lee's cavalry after it would clear the flanks. It would disrupt Lee's service of the rear, connect with Butler, and be ready to complete the destruction of Lee's army if Grant could defeat it. But most important of all, it would take the initiative and ascendancy which the Southern cavalry had held in the East since the beginning of the war, as Colonel Grierson had taken it in the Vicksburg campaign.

June,  
1863

May 9,  
1864

The raid was carried out as planned. The cavalry left the infantry on the ninth, marched around the left flank of Lee's army, broke the Virginia Central Railroad in his rear, and destroyed valuable supplies. At Yellow Tavern it defeated the Confederate cavalry under General Stuart, who was mortally wounded in the action.

It then broke through the outer defenses of Richmond, causing a panic in the city and the cessation of civil, military, and governmental activities, and, avoiding the combined force of infantry and cavalry sent to attack it, joined Butler at Bermuda Hundred. It rested there four days, when it set out and, marching around Lee's right flank, joined Grant at the North Anna, having ridden completely around Lee's army.

May 24,  
1864

Sheridan had done all that Grant had asked of him and was the more appreciated because up to this time he was the only one of Grant's subordinates to execute his mission. To Joseph Medill, Grant said: "Little Phil is a dandy!"

After his return, while Sheridan remained with the Army of the Potomac, Grant originated all his orders and Meade only transmitted them. Grant even contemplated forming

*From ULYSSES S. GRANT: THE GREAT SOLDIER OF AMERICA  
Courtesy of D. Appleton-Century Co.*

Set in 11 point De Vinne, with 2 point leading.

—a moment of inspiration after entering a new and fresh world, and there are many who would plead for "To the Fringed Gentian."

Fragmentary—that is the first impression. Genius repressed, deliberately smothered out, a series of farewells to the Muse and momentary returns as to a stolen pleasure, then silence or worse than silence. Bryant's poems are a miscellany of glorious fragments, with here and there a real lyric. The bits of blank verse—"A Forest Hymn," "A Winter Piece," and the like—impress one as detached bits of an exploded whole, finished columns of a temple never completed, never even planned. What might have been if, like Wordsworth, he could have given his life entirely to poetry, it is useless to ask.

As it is, his few lyrics are the scant blossom of New England Puritanism before it was touched by the transcendental fertilizer, the tiny yellow violet of a cold spring:

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould,  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

No native wild-flower, this violet, however; an Old World species, rather, grown stately, prim, pale by transplanting into new soil, old-fashioned, simple—no doubling and fringing, no flashy colorings to stir the passions. Puritanism breathed from its every petal, an eighteenth-century Puritanism unaffected by Wesleyanism, despite the influence of Cowper.

Only half-heartedly was he of the nineteenth century. He was of the classicists, law-bound as with iron, self-contained, reticent. Never could he let himself go, never could he write with passion, never could he lay bare his soul or cry aloud. Anything like self-revelation he shrank from. He would not republish from the *North American Review* his really beautiful "Lines to a Friend on His

*From THE FIRST CENTURY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE  
Courtesy of D. Appleton-Century Co.*

Set in 11 point Old Style No. 1, solid.

psychological. Any fragment of consciousness, any symbol of the subconscious, any image of nature refracted through the mind, is available for combination with the objective and external. Consequently there is more potential variety and complexity of expressionism in fiction than in either painting or drama.

Expressionism in fiction, as in drama, does not go as far away from literal reproduction of the raw material as does expressionism in painting. Novelist and dramatist alike feel some obligations toward life as it concretely exists. Still, as has been pointed out, the principle of abstract composition, seen in one form in Dos Passos' later novels in the sharp, discontinuous breaking through of the narrative by quite unrelated images and seen also, as a matter of fact, in the whole idea of fictional counterpoint, represents leanings toward the mode of expressionism. Perhaps Dos Passos might be best called a post-impressionist; the elements which he breaks up to recombine abstractly are strongly actualistic, and indeed the total effect of the whole composition retains no small part of that actualistic flavor. Like Cézanne's landscapes, the later Dos Passos novels readily identify themselves as representations. On the other hand, there is in both that breaking up of the surface that indicates the abstract rather than the actualistic or impressionistic conception of the material. For a further instance, Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying* illustrates extremely well the breaking up of the surface by means of a fragmentary and discontinuous handling of points of view, with recombination in terms of a circular pattern of diverse personalities and personal emotions centering in a simple story. Virginia Woolf also, in *The Waves*, breaks up the narrative surface by disintegrating all the characters into stream-of-consciousness fragments extending supposedly over many years, and then intermingling the fragments, effecting the recombination by a symbolic use of the waves as seen in a succession of points of time from dawn to sunset. And of course *Ulysses*, which represents in some form,

From A FOREWORD TO FICTION  
Courtesy of D. Appleton-Century Co.

Set in 12 point Granjon, with 2 point leading.

"I would say this, . . . if I may say it without carrying the implication that I have in mind my colleagues, that I think one of the main conditions affecting the operation of the Federal Reserve banking system is that most Americans are, by temperament, inflationarily inclined. Under such a law as this [meaning the Strong Stabilization Bill] were it enacted, there might be a disposition, perhaps, to seize the first indication or appearance that things were running off, that prices were down, to put into effect a pretty energetic open-market policy. . . ." <sup>32</sup>

The year of 1930 undoubtedly presented such a situation. "Things were running off" and a "pretty energetic open-market policy" might have spared the country much of the consequent deflation. But the Federal Reserve Board controlled the monetary policy, and nothing happened. There is no evidence that the Board made any effort to relieve the condition, either by buying securities, or by re-establishing confidence through moral suasion.

The evidence is to the contrary. Speaking for the Board in 1931, in the midst of the most devastating deflation, Dr. Miller again had nothing to suggest except advise against the danger of inflation:

" . . . You must not leave it too easy for the Federal Reserve System to inflate. We have had too much inflation in the Federal Reserve System, and its favorite instrument is the open-market purchase of Government securities.

"We have had something of an obsession for easy money in the System, a feeling that it makes the atmosphere of business; that it can stop a recession of business, and turn a period of depression into one of recovery." <sup>33</sup>

As late as 1932, Dr. Miller opposed the Goldsborough stabilization bill on the ground "that the thing to be expected in this

<sup>32</sup> *Stabilization Hearings* on H.R. 11806 (1928), *op. cit.*, p. 363.

<sup>33</sup> *Hearings* on S. Res. 71 (1931), *op. cit.*, p. 147.

*From STABLE MONEY*  
*Courtesy of Adelphi Company*

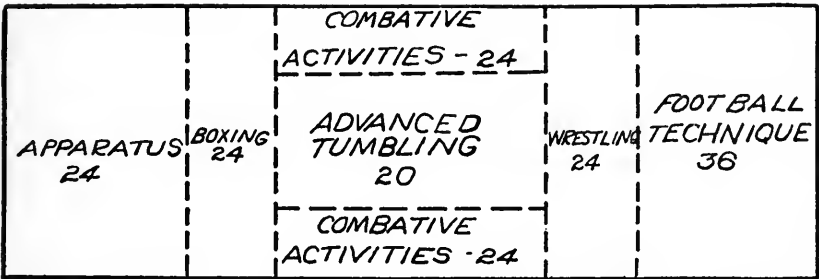
Set in 11 point Granjon, with 2 point leading.



14. ACTIVITIES OF SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL BOYS—*Time: 6 Minutes*

Apparatus Exercises

East Senior High School



FLOOR PLAN

1. Parallel Bars—on east side of hall.  
10th grade work during first 4 minutes.  
advanced work last 2 minutes.
2. Horse (in center)—10th grade work for first 2 minutes.  
11th grade during next 2 minutes.  
advanced during last 2 minutes.
3. Parallel Bars—on west side of hall.  
11th grade work for 4 minutes.  
advanced work for last 2 minutes.

Boxing

James Ford Rhodes Senior High School

Fundamentals of Boxing

1. on-guard position
2. advance and retreat (always retaining balance)
3. short left lead or "left jab" to head
4. long left lead or left thrust to head
5. long left lead or left thrust to body
6. left jab to head followed by right to body—return to on-guard
7. long left lead to body, followed by right cross to head, followed by left to stomach. on-guard
8. side step long left lead to head and counter with right to body
9. blocks and counters for some of the preceding blows; one group on offense, the other on defense
10. boxing during the last minute

From OLYMPIA THROUGH THE AGES  
Courtesy of A. S. Barnes and Company

Set in 11½ point Scotch, with 1½ point leading.

to secure adequate supplies of raw materials for home industries and new markets for the sale of their goods, but also for opportunities to invest surplus capital profitably. (2) The newer Industrial Revolution with its inventive genius, its technical skill, and its capacity for world organization, coupled with improved methods of finance, transformed manufacturing, transportation, and communication. As a result factories produced enormous quantities of goods for export. Railways and steamships made it easy to send them to the most distant markets. The telegraph, telephone, and cable greatly facilitated the transacting of business on a world scale. Modern banking institutions provided easy and safe systems of credit, and insurance companies took much of the risk out of business. With fortunes awaiting venturesome investors in distant regions, governments were urged to increase their colonial possessions. (3) The missionary spirit of western Christianity, with the desire to add to the glory of Christendom and to save the souls of countless heathen from eternal torment, has ever been a most potent force in the dynamics of European expansion. (4) The new nationalism aroused an ambition in the various national groups to secure more power in world affairs, to increase the national wealth, to expand the national domain, and to open up new fields for all kinds of national enterprises—political, religious, and educational. Hence came the popular clamor for the annexation of the backward parts of the world and the scramble for "spheres of influence." The belief was commonly expressed that in the event of war conquered subjects might be drilled and used as soldiers, and that the possession of regions overseas, suitable for colonization and for supplying food to the home people, was a necessity for a great industrial state.

*The Industrial Revolution.*—After 1870 the industrial life of most of Europe and of much of North America was completely changed, while this newer Industrial Revolution was spreading over all the civilized portions of the whole earth. Industry was organized economically on a world basis not only in the export of goods from Europe but also in the dependence of the European nations upon food and raw materials from overseas. The advances made in chemistry and other physical sciences worked modern miracles. Scientific organization and management led to the creation of large business concerns in which vast sums were invested and thousands of workers were employed. These huge plants with their own expert scientists and laboratories flooded the world with their finished products. It has been estimated that within a century the world's commerce increased a thousand per cent. To handle this gigantic business trunk railways with lateral branches were built across the continents of America, Europe, and even Asia, forming a veritable network of steel roads to carry freight and passengers. At the same time ocean liners carrying at a low rate thousands of tons of goods and as many as 5,000 passengers were crossing all the oceans in a few days. Newspapers, the post office, the cables and wireless, and the banks enabled business men of New York, Liverpool, or Hong Kong to conduct a world business as easily as a city merchant could cover a county 50 years ago. Coal, iron and electricity have revolutionized all sorts of industries. Great ship canals such as the Suez and Panama canals have shortened shipping by thou-

*From MODERN WORLD HISTORY SINCE 1775*  
*Courtesy of F. S. Crofts & Co.*

Set in 11 point Granjon, solid.

no denying the fact that through the very limitations of his method, Molière has created some tremendously powerful characters (Harpagon, Tartuffe, Alceste), whose names have become almost synonymous with the vices or foibles they typify.

On the purely formal side, Molière is one of the least classical of the great classical writers. In general his plays are substantially in accord with the so-called "rules," because he shared the taste of his age for highly simplified and concentrated plots, dealing with the crisis of an action. But he has no religious veneration for the rules, and he does not hesitate to throw them overboard, as in *Don Juan*, if they seem to hamper the full development of his conception. He is at times rather careless about his handling of plot: he has been much criticized especially for the artificial character of some of his dénouements. Although his verse lacks the highly polished, classical beauty which is associated with the poetry of Racine, Molière is by no means a mediocre poet. Apparently more at home in prose, he can nevertheless handle the verse form with excellent effect. Boileau envied him the ease and felicity of his rhymes. Any deficiencies found in his poetic expression probably are to be explained in part by the haste with which he was forced to produce most of his plays, but especially by the fact that he wrote his dialogue to be heard rather than read. All these weaknesses, however, if such they are, disappear before the sweep of Molière's comic verve, which makes him beyond question the incomparable comic genius of all time.

Molière's attitude toward life, as reflected in his comedies, is based upon the favorite classical principle of moderation, the doctrine of the golden mean (*aurea mediocritas*). Man with all his absurdities is not entirely hopeless if he will only follow the dictates of common sense and live life moderately, without allowing himself to fall into excess. Molière stresses especially the social virtues, good sense, reasonableness, moderation. This philosophy, if such it may be called, is excellent so far as it goes, but it is rather lacking in the elevation of thought, the idealism which we associate with the greatest poets. It must be admitted that Molière is not a poet in the highest sense. But he is thoroughly French in offering for our guidance a supremely sane view of life.

"Le trait de génie de Molière était d'avoir le génie du théâtre en même temps qu'il était un des plus grands observateurs et un des plus adroits moralistes que l'humanité ait connus. Ces choses, le plus souvent séparées, étaient unies en lui absolument, en telle sorte qu'il ne pouvait pas observer un caractère sans le voir du même coup, transformé en personnage, agir et parler sur la scène, et qu'il ne pouvait point, comme on le voit par *l'Impromptu de Versailles*, faire son métier d'homme de théâtre et de directeur sans observer en même temps et scruter les caractères. C'était un œil toujours ouvert et un cerveau mettant sans cesse au point de l'optique théâtrale les données de la réalité.

Avec tout cela, il avait le don du mouvement, la verve entraînante, une extrême impétuosité dans une clarté toujours absolue, le style le plus approprié au théâtre, vif, souple, d'un incroyable relief, peut-être un peu trop oratoire dans les grandes comédies en vers, mais le plus souvent si juste et si naturel qu'il est resté absolument vivant après deux siècles et demi et que l'on peut parler la langue de Molière sans le moindre air archaïque, ce qui n'est possible avec la langue d'aucun de ses contemporains."

Faguet—*Histoire de la littérature française.*

From FRENCH LITERATURE BEFORE 1800  
Courtesy of F. S. Crofts & Co.

Set in 11 point Granjon, solid.

chants, who do export the same, within one month after demand thereof.

X. And it is hereby further enacted . . . , That from and after June 24, 1733, for every hundred weight of sugar refined in *Great Britain* . . . , which shall be exported out of this kingdom, there shall be, by virtue of this act, repaid at the customhouse to the exporter, within one month after the demand thereof, over and above the several sums of three shillings and one shilling *per* hundred, payable by two former acts of parliament, one of them made in the ninth and tenth years of the reign of his late Majesty King *William* the Third, and the other in the second and third years of the reign of her late Majesty Queen *Anne*, the further sum of two shillings, oath or solemn affirmation as aforesaid, being first made by the refiner, that the

said sugar so exported, was produced from brown and muscovado sugar, and that as he verily believes, the same was imported from some of the colonies or plantations in *America* belonging to and in the possession of the crown of *Great Britain*, and that as he verily believes the duty of the said brown and muscovado sugar was duly paid at the time of the importation thereof, and that the same was duly exported. . . .

XIII. Provided nevertheless, That nothing herein contained shall extend . . . to hinder or restrain the importation of any sugars . . . of any of the dominions belonging to the King of *Spain*, or the King of *Portugal*, from any part or place from whence such sugars might lawfully have been imported before the making of this act. . . .

### 31. THE ALBANY PLAN OF UNION

1754

(*Works of Benjamin Franklin*, ed. by J. Sparks, Vol. III, p. 36 ff.)

This plan of union, devised by Franklin, contained the germs of the solution of the problem of imperial order, ultimately solved by the Federal Constitution of the United States. An interesting discussion of the Plan is in R. Frothingham, *Rise of the Republic of the United States*, ch. iv; H. L. Osgood, *American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. IV, ch. xiv; A. C. McLaughlin, "The Background of American Federalism," *America and Britain*, p. 147 ff. In the document Franklin's explanatory notes are omitted.

It is proposed that humble application be made for an act of Parliament of Great Britain, by virtue of which one general government may be formed in America, including all the said colonies, within and under which government each colony may retain its present constitution, except in the particulars wherein a change may be directed by the said act, as hereafter follows.

1. That the said general government be administered by a President-General, to be appointed and supported by the crown; and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several Colonies met in their respective assemblies.

2. That within — months after the passing such act, the House of Representatives that happen to be sitting within that time, or

that shall be especially for that purpose convened, may and shall choose members for the Grand Council, in the following proportion, that is to say,

Massachusetts Bay	7
New Hampshire	2
Connecticut	5
Rhode Island	2
New York	4
New Jersey	3
Pennsylvania	6
Maryland	4
Virginia	7
North Carolina	4
South Carolina	4

—  
48

3. —who shall meet for the first time at the city of Philadelphia, being called by the President-General as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment.

4. That there shall be a new election of the members of the Grand Council every three years; and, on the death or resignation of any member, his place should be supplied by a new choice at the next sitting of the Assembly of the Colony he represented.

5. That after the first three years, when the proportion of money arising out of each Colony to the general treasury can be known,

From DOCUMENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY  
Courtesy of F. S. Crofts & Co.

## DEATH ON THE CAMPUS

Bailey shrugged. "The one, I suppose, who either found or stole my key."

"But why should any one go to the trouble of stealing a—theme paper?"

"I don't know." Bailey moved uneasily. He was losing his poise again. To Ingram he looked terribly old, ill. The captain was unmistakably suspicious; he tapped the arm of his chair ruminatively, then said to Bailey:

"I'd like to have you come along with me, professor. I want you to tell your story to the district attorney. He's down at Chatham House. Will you get your hat, please?"

"Is that necessary?" Bailey asked. "I've told you all I know."

"Why," the captain inquired dryly, "should you mind telling it again?"

Bailey got up stiffly. "Very well. I'll go along with you. I'll get my hat."

His face was haggard, his step along the carpet slow. His head, usually erect, was bowed. He went out, closed the door. The captain said nothing, nor did Ingram.

In a few moments there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Ingram called. The door opened and Mary Bailey stood there. She came in and closed the door.

"Ben," she said, "tell me what's the trouble."

way across the continent in the opposite direction from the one I was expected to take, and no questions asked, what right have I to bother my head over anything at all the dear lady wants to keep to herself? And she *is* a dear. I'd be an ungrateful beast if I didn't see it even this early. She's exactly the sort of a person I wish I could have lived with always. She makes you feel as if you wanted to be decent and right thinking, the way I might have been if my mother hadn't died before I knew her. Oh, well, what's the use thinking about what might have been? If I begin that I'll start pitying myself again, and I won't, I won't. I'm finished with that along with everything else and everybody I've left behind me. I'm starting all over again with a job. I'm Mrs. Serena Parkinson's paid companion. I don't exactly know what she expects me to do, but I'll do it and like it if it kills me. So that's that!"

"Sylvia!" Mrs. Parkinson had come across the hall unheard by the girl who straightened up from the drawer with a slight start.

"Oh, Mrs. Parkinson," she said, "I didn't hear you. I'm so sorry. Did you call me?"

"No," said Serena, "and I didn't mean to startle you, either, but I'd got my dress changed, and I thought I'd take my time about putting my things away after I'd looked around the house a bit. You don't need to come if you want to finish what you're doing here. It's still some time to lunch." She cast an

*From CAP'N BODFISH TAKES COMMAND  
Courtesy of Thomas Y. Crowell Company*

Set in 11½ point Scotch, with 2½ point leading.

secretary notified you of the sending of this photograph. Was this photograph the only gift you received from the Queen?"

"No, after my first recital at Windsor the Queen sent me a tie-pin; after the second one, besides the photograph, she also sent me a ring. She was very musical, and it was most interesting to talk to her about music."

"You also played for Queen Alexandra. Was she really so beautiful?"

Paderewski became very enthusiastic. "Beautiful? She was a vision, simply a vision of a woman. And she was fascinating. You may pity yourself for being too young to have seen her in the early nineties."

Taking up the photograph of Foch, Paderewski said: "This is a man whom I really loved. He had a wonderful character, and he was full of goodness."

By now I realized that I should wait in vain to hear from my host anything but the highest praise of his friends or former colleagues.

When I discovered a photograph with an impressive dedication from Mussolini, I could not resist the obvious question: "What do you think of Mussolini?"

"I think he is a very great statesman. I am a great admirer both of Mussolini and of Italian Fascism. I must admit, though, that last time I visited the Duce I was rather less impressed than on my earlier visits." There were many interesting questions to ask in that connection, but I felt that it would be indiscreet to force Paderewski's opinions on highly topical subjects and about a man who was still alive and whom he would probably meet again.

It was now getting rather late and we had been talking without ceasing for some hours. Paderewski had just returned from a strenuous cure in the south of France. As I got up to say good-bye, he said: "I am sorry you are

language of the people. As a result of this victory, primary school children of today no longer have the blind struggle with unintelligible classics that Sun Yat-sen had as a boy; they are taught in the living "national language." A great and creditable revolution this has been; there has been an effective overthrow of the tyranny of an obsolete literature and the development of a literature for all the people.

What was Sun Yat-sen's relation to the movement? All that he stood for profited by it beyond reckoning. But, although he seemed to favor it, his own personal practice must be described by the word with which he used to lash his political opponents: he was "reactionary." As late as 1923 he put out a treatise, *China's Revolution*, in stilted, old-fashioned Chinese. Hu Shih, braving the censorship, has criticized Sun Yat-sen for setting a bad example which the Kuomintang has at times followed. What has saved some of Sun Yat-sen's books for democracy was his habit of public-speaking. When he lectured, he talked quite naturally. Such lectures as the *San Min Chu I*, taken down as they were by shorthand, have been made into easily readable Chinese books; hence their ready popularization.

That the language revolution was an emancipation of mind for China is evident from the fact that in its wake came a marked intellectual renaissance. New freedom in writing brought with it a new freedom in the discussion of ideas, and the discussion was very lively. Hu Shih, who had finished his work for a Doctorate of Philosophy under John Dewey, returned to China in 1917 and joined the staff of Peking National University as Professor of Philosophy. That University was in the process of revivification under a president of marked ability, who knew how to gather able men about him. There Hu Shih and others led the younger generation in a critical scrutiny of China's cultural heritage in arts and letters, in ethics and religion, in scholarship and social custom. An

From SUN YAT-SEN  
Courtesy of The John Day Company

Set in 11 point Granjon, with 2 point leading.



there are no facts. The different bases of the censuses and the paucity of explanatory comment on the Civil Establishments make it impossible to offer more than the crude figures given. But they show the striking increase, especially since 1881.

Year	Numbers	Remarks
1797 <sup>9</sup>	16,267	
1815 <sup>10</sup>	24,598	Here began Parliamentary demands for "economy."
1821 <sup>11</sup>	27,000	
1832 <sup>12</sup>	21,305	
1841 <sup>13</sup>	16,750	"Exclusive of many persons who have returned themselves simply as Clerks, Messengers, etc., and many who are engaged also in trade."
1851 <sup>14</sup>	39,147	
1861	31,943	Some workmen included, but how many not stated.
1871	53,874	
1881	50,859	Telegraph and Telephone Service not included.
1891	79,241	
1901	116,413	Great expansion in P.O. since 1891.
1911	172,352	Telegraph and Telephone Service now included.
1914 <sup>15</sup>	280,900	Includes Scottish and Irish Services.
April 1st. about		On the decline from the peak of war expansion. Excludes about 20,000 transferred to Ireland; includes Scottish Services.
1922 <sup>16</sup>	317,721	
April 1st.		Excludes 5,000 more transferred to Irish Expenditure; includes Scottish Services.
1926 <sup>17</sup>	296,398	

We are served to-day by an administrative machine which, only in the last few years, is being converted from a planless improvisation into a well-ordered engine<sup>18</sup> both powerful and sensitive enough to satisfy modern needs.

**From Patronage to Open Competition.** The modern history of the British Civil Service begins in 1855. Up to that time, as we have seen, the offices of State fell into the hands of the ruling political party and were used to bribe and reward their followers. There were

<sup>9</sup> & <sup>10</sup>, Gretton, *The King's Government*, p. 111.

<sup>11</sup> & <sup>12</sup>, House of Commons Paper, 12 July 1833, on Reduction of Offices. This title is significant of Parliament's attitude; but the House of Commons was not then anxious about "bureaucracy"; it was troubled by the increase of expenditure.

<sup>13</sup> Ex *Occupation Abstract, in Accounts and Papers*, Session 1844.

<sup>14</sup> From analysis of Census figures, in Appendix to Report on the Re-organization of the Permanent Civil Service, 1854; Papers, p. 439. Vol. 13, p. 36.

<sup>15</sup> & <sup>16</sup> & <sup>17</sup> Cmd. 2718; 1926. Memo on Present and Pre-war Expenditure.

<sup>18</sup> Cf. Sir Warren Fisher, *Evidence, Royal Commission on the Civil Service*, 1929, p. 1267, paras. 3-6, Memorandum.

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## CHAPTER XI

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WHEN Jackie had been with them four years, Ruth begged David to adopt him legally. Although Jackie showed no traits which proved him a Trevellyan, David was certain he must be Patricia's child. To set his mind at rest on the subject, shortly after the boy was found, he took time off from his work to visit the obscure district of Kaupo and made inquiries. They were half-hearted ones for he knew, with exasperation, that Poly-nesi-ans, when questioned, always give the replies they fancy are wanted. And in this instance, Ka-aina—if he were lying about the child's identity—would have instructed the people in Kaupo what answers to give.

Yes, an Australian Evangelist and his wife had resided in the district some five or six years before. They had come to the Islands in search of health and to spread their particular brand of religion. There had been a boy. When the Browns died within a few weeks of each other, the child had been cared for by Lewai, a Hawaiian preacher, who had later been transferred to Kona. When Lewai left, Kawila, the *kahuna*, had had the baby for a bit, but when he moved to Molokai he had left the child with someone. Probably Ka-aina. It

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*From RIPE BREADFRUIT*  
*Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company*

Set in 11 point Janson, with 2 point leading.

"I've traveled some in my time," declared Mr. Sheldon, as we sat in the plaza and watched the colorful procession of men and women parading on their evening *pasear*. "But I don't think I've ever seen anything to equal these Chola girls for striking get-up. And they're mighty pretty, too. But how do they manage to dress as they do? I imagine those clothes are pretty expensive."

I laughed. "You've no idea how costly they are," I told him. "It is not unusual for a high-class Chola girl to wear a costume worth several hundred dollars. Their jewelry alone—those big silver pins, their silver necklaces and bangles—may represent an outlay of two or three hundred, and a really fine shawl such as they wear costs another hundred, while a pair of those kid boots costs thirty or forty dollars. But don't think these high-class Cholas are poor. They are the smartest, keenest business people in La Paz, they own the majority of the small shops and stores, and many of them are extremely wealthy. But even those who are not well-to-do manage to find the money for the costume which to them is about the most important thing in life; for it is not only the fashion, a matter of fine feathers, but a hall-mark of their social status. You may not have noticed it, but a person familiar with La Paz customs can tell by her costume to what particular class or caste a Chola woman belongs. In fact, the hat alone will tell the story. You will find that only the highest class wear the glazed Panamas; next in the scale are those wearing stiff black hats; then

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## *First Quarter*

**T**HERE are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story-teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people: little and big, young and old: yet growing up, or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church. I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice), but in the night, and alone. A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad bold Day. But it applies to Night. It must be argued by night, and I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church-door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

For the night wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again: and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend

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*From CHRISTMAS TALES*

*Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company*

*(Cast by us from matrices made in England.)*

Set in 11 point Baskerville, solid.

TUTTLE. Thank you. Something's gone wrong with our car. [*Puts hat on chair, Left of arch.*] The chauffeur can't locate the trouble so I thought I'd telephone a garage and have them send a man out.

AUNT KATE. There's a garage in Greensburg.

TUTTLE. Greensburg?

AUNT KATE. That's the nearest town.

TUTTLE. [*A little baffled by the old-fashioned crank telephone.*] Do I—er—

AUNT KATE. You turn the crank, there.

TUTTLE. Good Lord! I haven't used one of these since the self-starter was invented. [*He turns the crank.*]

AUNT KATE. [*Sits in her chair, Right of table Right.*] Well, don't be scared. This won't fly back and break your arm.

TUTTLE. Hello!—I want to speak to Greensburg, to the garage there— No, I don't know the name of it— have you got more than one?—The what?—"The Jiffy Service Garage"? [*Looks inquiringly at AUNT KATE.*]

AUNT KATE. That's what they call it.

TUTTLE. All right, give me that. It's a pretty name.— [*To AUNT KATE.*] This is a beautiful old house you have here, Madam.

AUNT KATE. It really isn't so very old. My brother rebuilt it from the family homestead. Our grandfather

*From PERSONAL APPEARANCE  
Courtesy of Samuel French*

Set in 11 point Old Style No. 1, with 1 point leading.

What's a headache to you, eh, Erwin? You're makin' money. [*Pounding ERWIN on back.*]

ERWIN. Have I made eight-fifty yet? [*Almost choking.*]

PATSY. Eight-fifty! About eighty-eight-fifty. [*CHARLIE returns to bar with glass and sips as he crosses.*] How much you bet altogether, Frankie?

FRANKIE. [*Looking in book. PATSY with FRANKIE.*] Let's see—I got back on the fifth at ten each eighty-four and forty-one and fifteen, that's one hundred and forty dollars each, plus what we got on Hasty Belle, that we played on More Anon. Altogether that brings a total of two hundred and forty-five dollars each.

CHARLIE. There ain't that much money. Harry, could you make up a turkey sandwich?

HARRY. [*At bar.*] I haven't sold a turkey sandwich in a week. How about cheese?

PATSY. We ain't got time to fool around with food.

FRANKIE. We ought to play all the races one-two-three.

PATSY. Erwin's only got the fifth figured that way. Let's see the sheets, Frankie.

[*They start looking at the handicap sheets.*]

ERWIN. [*Who has been sitting with head in hands.*] Could I have a pencil?

PATSY. [*First looking at boys.*] Sure, sure, Erwin, here's a pencil.

CHARLIE. Here's some paper—

*From THREE MEN ON A HORSE  
Courtesy of Samuel French*

Set in 11 point Old Style No. 1, with 1 point leading.

## 6

“SURE—sure,” said Martin over the telephone—  
 “grand—I’ll be there. My sables have gone to storage, but I guess I can manage to keep warm enough in the old mink. What time? Fine. Count on me. And say—a thermos of coffee and a couple of sandwiches wouldn’t be such a bad idea.”

“Good hunch,” Doris Hughes turned to Nicola. “This is the first roof party I’ve been on for a long time, and I’d forgotten that we’ll probably need to serve refreshments. I’m glad Martin can come. She’ll help us recognize Carmen, if we have luck. She and you, and Danny and myself—Heavens, Danny will have a lot of women to look out for—that’ll make enough to put two at each side of the roof, in front. I guess I’d better ask the lieutenant to assign us a couple of men at each end of the block, just for fun, and of course we’ll have to have somebody right below us on the street so that when we give the high sign, they can do some grabbing, if necessary. Meet us here about nine—”

It had all worked out beautifully. When Nicola reported at Headquarters that San Juan Sue ran a house near Paco’s place, it narrowed her whereabouts down to one unprepossessing block of three story red brick houses almost within a stone’s throw of the dance hall where Pepita had been picked up. A house to house search would have tipped off the neighborhood as to just what was

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*From LADY COP  
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## OUR CULTURAL WATERSHED

of the sources of this flow of human culture. We do not know how long human nature has existed on the earth, but it is conservatively estimated that man dates back at least a half million years. Only about one per cent of this vast period falls within the historic era when records were made and handed on. Thus the greater part of the career of man, that is the experiences that have befallen individual men and women, is behind the curtain of time that no searching can penetrate.

It is a vast watershed of culture that even the most vigorous imagination cannot explore. Undoubtedly this lost portion of man's life on the earth brings even to us of this modern time consequences that appear in what so commonly are regarded as the unchanging elements of human nature. We are told that civilization is a mere veneer and that if we scratch the surface we find underneath the traits of primitive savagery. This is interpreted to mean that the refinements of human nature are artificial wrappings that have no substantial connection with original human nature. The absorbent quality of human nature is disregarded. The fact is that what we think of as civilization is a recent possession of human nature, the new culture which we are comparing with the old when we contrast the modern with the fossil man. If savage traits still cling to man, it is not because they are more natural but on account of the long period of human evolution when they held sway. Man has long been a savage; in comparison for only a brief time has

[ III ]

*From UNDERSTANDING YOURSELF*  
*Courtesy of Greenberg: Publisher*

Set in 12 point Granjon, with 2 point leading.



"No, I don't suppose there's a fish left in the streams," Hank replied. "Likely the oil's got into every one of them."

"Et sure-enough gits into ev' thing, even into yore ha'r," Petroleum agreed. "Sometimes Ah cain't git mah eyes to open. They's plumb stuck shut right now."

"Try cold water for that," Hank advised. "Watch out for customers, now, and don't go playing that music box careless." For Petroleum was a carbon copy of Hank's own past weakness. He'd seize any excuse to pump gas and music.

Crossing the highway, Hank passed the Clover Station and Garage. True to Sully's promise his rivals had cut prices. Bootleg gas, even with the tax, seriously under-sold Hank's brand. Also the Clovers had made additions to the station. It sprawled now, two-story, ramshackle, with a lunch counter presided over by Chiquita while Big Lola manipulated coffee pots and fry pans in a lean-to kitchen.

The Clovers were drawing trade. Backing up their corner stand, marching out into the acreage they owned on either side of the new road, strode their derricks. Beside the original gusher—already a dry hole and abandoned—were new rigs, most of them on royalty leases for the owners had not found drilling completely profitable, and many storage tanks linked with pipelines, a complicated network crossing and criss-crossing what had been open fields.

And nowhere a blade of grass that did not drip

*From HOT OIL*

*Courtesy of Greenberg: Publisher*

Set in 12 point Garamond, with 1 point leading.

who salute, we cannot say that such a soul is quite nothing, if at least it return love for love and if it cultivates social charity. Nevertheless, according to Our Lord, 'How much more [than the pagans] does it do?' I cannot style such a soul great in any way, but rather very small and narrow, when I find so little charity in it. But if it should grow and advance, so that overpassing the limits of so narrow a love, it should attain to a greater liberty of spirit, and extend itself to a love of all its neighbours, and good will towards all, loving each as itself, then we can no longer say to this soul: 'What more does it do?' For such a soul, that so expands itself as to embrace in its charity all mankind, even those who are not related to it by ties of blood, or by any hope of interest or any sort of obligation beyond that of which the Apostle speaks, 'Owe no man anything, but love one another' makes itself indeed great (Rom. XIII, 8). But if you would make further advances in the kingdom of charity and push your conquest to its utmost limits, open your heart to your enemies, do good to those that hate you, pray for those who persecute and calumniate you, and be peaceful with those who hate peace. Then, indeed, the breadth and the height of the heavens and of your soul will be alike, and the beauty of them both the same. Then will be fulfilled in you that sacred word, 'extending the heavens like a pavilion.' And in this heaven of your soul, expanded to such and so wonderful a height, width, and beauty, the Most High will not only deign to dwell, but He will take His delight therein, and will manifest

*From* MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST  
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customs of particular localities, and the circumstances of persons and places. In making these regulations, they must consult the cathedral chapters, or diocesan consultors, and if they deem it advisable, they may also consult the deans and pastor of the episcopal city. (See can. 1234.)

The poor must be given decent funeral services and burial, free of charge, according to the laws of liturgy and the diocesan statutes. (Can. 1235.)

Whenever any of the faithful are buried from a church other than their own parish church, the pastor of the deceased has the right to the parochial portion of the funeral offerings, unless some particular law grants a privilege of exemption from this law, or the deceased cannot be brought to his parish church.

The amount of the parochial portion is to be fixed by the diocesan schedule, and if the person had several proper parishes, from any of which he could easily have been buried, and the funeral was held in another church, the parochial portion must be divided between the various proper pastors. (See canons 1236 and 1237.)

The parochial portion must be subtracted from the sum fixed by the diocesan tariff for the funeral services and burial.

If, for any reason, there are only minor functions on the day of burial, and the first solemn service for the deceased is held within one month from that date, the parochial portion must be taken for that service also.

After the funeral, the minister shall enter into the record of the dead of the parish, the name and age of the deceased person, the names of the parents or husband, the date of death, the name of the priest who administered the last Sacraments, the number of Sacraments given, and the time and place of the burial. (Can. 1238.)

Let us return now to the question of the *privation of Christian burial*. Unbaptized persons must not be buried from a

THIRD CENTURY

MARTYRS	EMPERORS	POPES	EVENTS
202-203 SS. Felicitas and Perpetua	<b>The Severi (193-235)</b> Septimius Severus ..... 193-211 Caracalla ..... 211-217 Heliogabalus ..... 218-222 Alexander Severus .... 222-235	St. Zephyrinus ..... 199-217 St. Callixtus ..... 217-222 Hippolytus, antipope .. 217-235 St. Urban I ..... 222-230 St. Pontian ..... 230-235	Controversy regarding unforgivable sins.
St. Pontian	<b>The Imperial Crisis (235-285)</b> Maximinus ..... 235-238 Attempt at a Senatorial Empire (the 2 Gordiani Philippi) ..... 238-249 Decius ..... 250-253 Valerian ..... 253-260 The Provincial Emperors 260-268 Claudius II ..... 268-270 Aurelian ..... 270-275 Last attempt at a Senatorial Empire ..... 275-284	St. Anterus ..... 235-236 St. Fabian ..... 236-250 St. Cornelius ..... 251-253 Novatian, antipope 251 St. Lucius ..... 253-254 St. Stephen I ..... 254-257 St. Sixtus II ..... 257-258 St. Dionysius ..... 259-268 St. Felix I ..... 269-274 St. Eutychian ..... 275-283 St. Caius ..... 283-296	250 The schism of Felicissimus at Carthage. 252 The schism of Novatian in Rome. 253-257 Controversy regarding the Baptism of heretics. 262 Council of Rome against Sabellius. 264-269 Three Councils of Antioch against Paul of Samosata.
St. Hippolytus St. Antherus			
St. Fabian			
258 St. Cyprian St. Stephen St. Sixtus II. St. Lawrence			
	<b>The Restoration Under Diocletian (285-312)</b> Diocletian ..... 284-305		

From A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH  
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Dorgan had a picture in an exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts and some Western art association was going to give a cash prize for the best entry. Dorgan's picture was of a Japanese girl and I liked it. Dorgan liked it, too.

"It's a Japanese Mona Lisa," he told me.

"You'd better tell the judges about that," I told him.

"It wouldn't do any good," said Dorgan. "If the original Mona Lisa were hung in that exhibition the judges'd condemn it on the grounds it's too sentimental or something."

"What's your reason for entering your painting, then?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "it's a gamble like putting a nickel in a slot machine. Maybe the judges'll get me mixed up with the artist they intend to

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*From FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND  
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# THE POLYPHONIC PERIOD

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## CHAPTER I

### ENGLAND AND FLANDERS: DUNSTABLE AND DUFAY

AS THE EXISTENCE of *Sumer is icumen in* proves, there must have been as early as the thirteenth century a knowledge of the principles of counterpoint and a considerable skill in its use within restricted limits. It is not, however, until early in the fifteenth century that we find the beginnings of a true polyphonic style. All the music that has come down to us from the Middle Ages is, with the exception of the Reading Rota or Rondel, church music, and the Church was, as it ever has been, conservative. The ecclesiastical authorities frowned upon innovations and especially upon those derived from secular sources, such as the canonic devices of the Rota. They could, however, do no more than retard the development of a new style of church music, which was bound to take place in an eager and inquiring age. It would have been as impossible for them to stop their architects from building Gothic cathedrals instead of adhering to the old Norman style. It needed only a great composer to give impetus to the new methods of composition by introducing some measure of system into its hitherto crude and haphazard manner. That composer was found in England, where the great period of polyphonic music began with John Dunstable, even as it ended there with William Byrd and Orlando Gibbons.

Dunstable was the most important of a group of English composers who seem to have spent the greater part of their working life on the Continent. Their music shows a very distinct advance upon anything that had so far been achieved. Dunstable himself was, indeed, the first composer in the modern sense, in that he created something like a personal style. His music, archaic though it may sound to modern ears, has a suavity and a regard for euphony hitherto unknown. The voices move with a new freedom, not being perpetu-

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*From A MUSICAL COMPANION*  
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## SUMMER'S PLAY

"The piano's stopped now," said Sheila to Christopher, "so he must be talking to Jess and Lassie."

Christopher was not deeply concerned with Bernie. What mattered so vitally to him was that the manifestations of Aug were crashing nearer and nearer to their own personal lives. Uncle Hugh had been drowned long before they were born; but first they had found the notebook; then an Aug had been brought into their very garden; and closely linked with that was the legend that a piece of chewed Aug food had been discovered, so cook had reported, giving Baxter as her evidence, actually in Cousin Nellie's bed, under the pillow. Now, most sensational, most cataclysmic of all, Uncle Bernie's girl had thrown him over because she had fallen in love with an Aug.

"Have you seen him, Sheila? Do we know that one?"

"Yes, we do. Don't you remember, one day when he brought Cousin Nellie up home from the beach in his baby car, and we saw him helping her out? That was him. He had bright, bright red hair; and there was a boy with them, sitting in the back, and he had red hair, too, and freckles, and a scarlet sweater."

Thomas, who was sitting on the floor some way off, chalking, rather hazy as to why there was a Fuss in the house to-day, but glad that the Fuss was not in any way settling round the nursery, now said, without looking up: "I heard Father say to Nurse before we went out after lunch: 'You'll be more careful than ever, won't you, Nurse, of my three babies.'"

"What?"

= 200 =

*From SUMMER'S PLAY  
Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf*

Set in 12 point Bodoni Book, with 2 point leading.

## 10 THE STRANGE PROPOSAL

the wreck, in time to arrive for the ceremony, the maid of honor had telegraphed only two hours before the wedding that she could not possibly get there. John Saxon had spent most of the day in shops perplexing his mind over the respective values of this and that article of evening wear, and arrived at the hotel only in time to get into his new garments in a leisurely manner and repair to the church at the hour appointed. In fact he was there even a few minutes before Jeff. And so he had escaped the excitement and anxiety consequent on the news of the missing maid of honor. He did not know how hurriedly and anxiously the troublesome question of whether or how to supply her place at this last minute had been discussed and rediscussed, nor how impossible at this last minute it had seemed to get even a close friend to come in and act in a formal wedding without the necessary maid of honor outfit.

Excitement had run high and Camilla had just escaped tears as she thought of the Warren Wainwrights, and the Seawells of Boston, and the Blackburns and Starrs of Chicago and New York, all new unknown to-be-relations. She went down the list of all the girls she knew who would be at all eligible for the position of maid of honor and shook her head in despair. There wouldn't be one who could take the place at a moment's notice that way and fit right in, and if there were one what would she do for a dress?

Dresses could be bought of course, even as late as that, but no ordinary dress would be able to enter the simple yet lovely scheme of the wedding without seeming to introduce a wrong note in an otherwise perfect harmony. Oh, of course it might be bought in New York if one had the time to shop around, but the home town wasn't New York, and no one had the time. Camilla stood in the sitting room of the hotel

*From THE STRANGE PROPOSAL  
Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Company*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII



ANDY, FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP RUSHING ABOUT LIKE A MADMAN," roared Johnny, as he himself paced the room, from window to door, from door to window.

"But what can we do, Johnny? Why in God's name did you—why couldn't she come with us?"

"Don't ask such damn' silly questions, man. How could I know she would get up the same night and go without a word to anybody? That's all she left, this bit of paper and these things! There—there!"

Andy looked almost tearfully at the piece of paper with the one word, "Good-bye," on it, and then at the "things"—consisting of a few pieces of jewelry, a few evening dresses neatly folded up, and some odd things bought for her by Johnny.

"But where could she have got to? The hall-porter has no idea, and at the station they are worse than useless, as usual in such cases. It's maddening!"

There was a knock at the door. A page announced Mr. Collins.

"I'll kill him—I'll choke him! It's all through him!"

"My dear Johnny, you should have started that a little earlier!"

Mr. Collins entered, smooth, polite, radiating efficiency. He smiled:

"Well, what's wrong here?"

"A great deal. My wife has gone, and all through my fault. Or rather your fault, because of your damn' silly idea about my not being able to take her with me."

"But, my dear Mr. Grove, the last thing in the world I wanted to do was to drive away your wifel!"

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*From CAT ACROSS THE PATH  
Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Company*

Set in 11 point Baskerville, with 1 point leading.

ther than Dr. Hughes; while in 1926, V. M. Collier in collecting the material for her book *Marriage and Careers*, frequently found such new-fashioned mothers to be positively advantageous to their children.

But, besides the testimony of these writers and students who probably reflect the more recent thought on the problem, I had even more convincing evidence of a change in attitude. In making preparations for a study of working mothers and their children I tried to learn something of the pitfalls that would lie in my way and to work out a preliminary technique by making an informal little survey of 100 working mothers through friends and acquaintances. They described cases which they knew intimately enough to tell how long the mother had worked, the age and care of the children, something of their health, behavior, and school standing, and general home conditions. Upon such facts as these, neighbors form an opinion as to how the arrangement is affecting the children.

Of the 100 cases described, there were 15 in which the persons reporting considered that the children suffered from the mothers' working. In 6 of these 15 they reported that her work was necessary for the support of the family. There were only 5 or 6 cases where the mother seems to have been generally criticized in her community for working. In at least 3 of these the reporter said that in his opinion the bad conditions which caused the criticism would have existed even if she had not been working—that it was poor management rather than her employment which caused the confusion and bad behavior. On the other hand, there were 4 or 5 cases in which the reporter considered that the mother's employment was a distinct advantage. There were twice as many where her earnings made conditions so much better than they would otherwise have been that the balance was rather in favor of her employment.

These friends of working mothers were asked to describe the children and the home on certain points as being good, average, or poor. The responses were as follows:

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN AND HOME

	Good	Average	Poor	Too Young	Unknown	Total
Health .....	74	19	6	.0	1	100
School standing .....	49	22	7	18	4	100
Behavior .....	56	27	9	2	6	100
General home conditions ...	55	28	15	0	2	100

It is perhaps significant that on health and behavior there were so few in the "poor" column.

The care of the children is of course a point of practical importance to

*From READINGS IN THE FAMILY*  
*Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Company*

Set in 10 point Granjon, with 1 point leading.

"Can't, infants. I've got a date with Brenda Collin."

The vague depression vanished completely at that. Brenda might be disapproved of in Danesborough, but she was young and gay and smart and attractive, and the fact of their close friendship proved that Enid, too, partook in some degree of these qualities. She couldn't, at any rate, be frumpy and middle-aged.

"Oh, Brenda Collin!" said Margery, with a little grimace. "We never see anything of you nowadays, Enid. You're always with her."

"Nonsense!" said Enid, highly delighted. "You probably see a good deal more of me than you want to. By the way, you're both joining the hockey club again in September, of course. I'm drawing up the eleven in good time."

They hesitated and glanced at each other.

"Darling, we can't this year. We're so terribly sorry."

"Why on earth not?"

"Didn't you know? Pam's presenting Humphrey with a son and heir or daughter and heiress, as the case may be, early next year."

"You sweet lamb! Are you really? But what a bore! You're the only decent centre forward I've ever had. I tell you what I'll do. I'll put in Joan Manning for the time being, and you can rally round again next year. . . . Now what about you, Margery? You're not presenting Michael with anything, are you?"

Margery screamed a shrill denial, then fluttered

*From THE OLD MAN'S BIRTHDAY  
Courtesy of Little, Brown, and Company*

Set in 12 point Garamond, with 1 point leading.

"You call it help!"

"Why not?" he reasoned soothingly. "There's nobody more upset than me, nobody in all the world, but we've got to discuss things." He shook his head sensibly. "Stanley's finished as far as the front is concerned. I'm thinking about the works . . ."

"You would," she said bitterly.

"I mean," he threw out his hand with the air of a man who has been wronged. "Oh, damn it all, Laura, give us some credit. I want to help you both. I want to get Stanley down to the works, interest him in things again, give him all the hand I can."

"If I didn't know you I'd think you meant it."

"But I do mean it. After all, we've got to help one another over this. Honest to God, Laura, I'll do what I can."

There was a silence, her swollen eyes remained fixed upon his face; her breath came quicker, agonised.

"I don't believe you'll do anything," she choked. "And I hate you for what you've done . . . almost as much as I hate myself." She spun round and walked rapidly out of the lounge.

He remained where he was, caressing his chin gently with his hand; then he smiled into himself and left the house. He came back next morning, though, bustling in about eleven to keep his promise to take Stanley to the works. Laura had gone out but Stanley was up and dressed, seated upon the edge of a chair in the lounge, playing the gramophone to himself. The gramophone was all right, of course, but the music, the music Stanley was playing, set Joe's teeth on edge. Joe protested:

"Why don't you play something lively, Stanley? Something out of the Bing Boys, what?"

"I like this," Stanley said, putting the same record on again. "It's the only one I like. I've been playing it all morning."

Puzzled, Joe endured the record once more. The combination of the record and Stanley listening to the record was horrible. Then Joe walked over and looked at it. "Marche Funèbre", Chopin. Joe swung round.

"Holy smoke, Stanley, what d'you want with this stuff? Come on now, brace up. I've got the car at the door and we're all set. We're going down to the works."

They drove quietly to the works and went straight into the melt-

*From THE STARS LOOK DOWN  
Courtesy of Little, Brown, and Company*

Set in 11 point Granjon, with 1 point leading.

### *Friends and Fiddlers*

and a late Beethoven quartet" — phrases as familiar to musicians as "three-minute egg" to a cook. A group of people, arriving at nine, said they had come late because they were especially fond of Beethoven and understood it was to be played later.

To us it is a matter of enormous pleasure that our one persistent rebel-to-music, my nephew David, the real musical talent in the family, who in his teens definitely did fling his cello, so to speak, down the sink — David sometimes sings with us at these parties. David never talks about music; like my brother's friends when I was young, he would strangle rather than admit he likes it, but, an infallibly correct sight reader, he sits with the basses and breathes deep, and we pretend not to know he is there.

Sarah's peculiar method of learning to sing is, I think, what fascinates everybody; perhaps I had rather say, her very individual outlook upon the arts. Sarah was not reared, like the rest of us, in a school which lets go, which roars its enthusiasm, turns red in the face, and pounds its feet when pleased. Sarah takes art for granted in the same calm, extremely practical way that she takes life and dinner time.

One Sunday we were singing a Handel duet

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*From FRIENDS AND FIDDLERS*  
*Courtesy of Little, Brown, and Company*

Set in 10 point Baskerville, with 4 point leading.

and that, the woman almost shouted at him, "Be careful, sir, or you will destroy the evidence !"

And it was true that his fingers had accidentally broken off a little piece of the blob of red sealing-wax with which the paper had been fastened over the bottle.

"I can't help thinking, in fact I'm positive, that on her way upstairs to give me the medicine the Captain had had made up, Miss Blunt went into her bedroom and made red-hot one of those little wire pins young ladies use now to keep back strands of their shingled hair."

She uttered the words with a fierce energy which carried unwilling conviction to the man who was now looking at her, trying to make up his mind as to how much he should believe of everything she had just said.

It was only too plain that *somebody* had cut through the blob of red sealing-wax, and then with clumsy haste had attempted to seal the two pieces of paper together again.

"I must ask you to leave this piece of wrapping-paper with me, Miss Fulmer."

As he spoke he kept his hand over the white paper. He would not have been surprised had the woman made an effort to recover what she probably regarded as her property.

She looked at him with an expression of anxiety and doubt in her pale face, and he said in a dry tone, "You must not feel afraid that this incriminating bit of evidence will be mislaid or lost. Should any human being be brought to trial on the charge of having murdered

*From WHO RIDES ON A TIGER*  
*Courtesy of Longmans, Green and Co.*

Set in 11 point Garamond, with 3 point leading.

Elsewhere along the Sambre, at Tamines, Ham, Jemeppe and Mornimont, in more favourable terrain, French detachments had successfully defended the bridges committed to their charge, but the loss of the bridge-head at Auvelais rendered their positions so precarious that Defforges, commander of the French 10th Corps, felt compelled to order their retreat. Farther to the west, on the front of the French 3rd Corps (Sauret), events had followed much the same course. At almost the same time that Von Winckler had opened his attack against Auvelais, the German 10th Corps reached the Sambre between Tamines and Pont-de-Loup. Mindful of Von Bülow's orders, Von Emmich halted its advance and even refused Von Winckler's request to assist the attack on Auvelais by a simultaneous assault against Tamines. But at Tergné, the advance-guard of the German 19th Division found another unguarded bridge that offered a prospect too inviting to resist. With the somewhat reluctant consent of the Corps Commander, an infantry regiment boldly crossed, and to consolidate its gain pushed forward to the town of Roselies from which it drove the French defenders in sharp hand-to-hand fighting. It was a repetition of the Guard's exploit at Auvelais. During the night, the 5th Division of the French 3rd Corps attempted to retrieve its loss by a night attack against Roselies, but the effort completely broke down, with shattering loss to the two battalions engaged.

So in the afternoon of August 21st, contrary to the intentions of the commanders of both armies, a bloody struggle took place in the Borinage. As a result of the day, the German II Army had forced the passages of the Sambre and had established a solid foothold on the southern bank.

At his Headquarters at Chimay, thirty kilometres from the line of fire, Lanrezac received little news of developments on his Army's front, and apparently attached little importance to such information as did come to him, for he sent Joffre a report on the day's operations that was brief and misleadingly reassuring :

Nothing new on the front of the Fifth Army except an outpost engagement on the front of the 10th Corps at the bridge of Arsimont-Tamines.

There was no mention of Auvelais or Roselies, or of the attempts made at other points, and no indication that the "outpost engagement" in question had given the Germans command of the line of the Sambre.

During the night Lanrezac received complete reports from his Corps Commanders.

"The 19th Division has abandoned the Sambre bridges by my

*From THE CAMPAIGN OF THE MARNE  
Courtesy of Longmans, Green and Co.*

Set in 11 point Baskerville, with 1 point leading.

The priests called the prayer-makers *cofrades* — and recognized them as the official religious representatives of their various constituencies. And for the term of the *cofrade's* office, his house became the *cofradia*, where the local saint resided, and the *cofrade* must burn a candle before this saint, and he must see that once a year, on the saint's fiesta, that a high Mass, with musicians, was sung in the great church, and on every day in the year he must burn a candle in the church before the patron saint of the village.

Rumal had often served as prayer-maker for the big village. And when Paluna heard the drum and the rocket announcing his coming, a pleasant warmth of pride swept over her. Then, when he marched into church and took his place among the other *cofrades*, Paluna thought that, of them all, not one had so much dignity nor so commanding a presence as Rumal, standing erect with the symbolic staff in his hand, and his purple and red head-handkerchief slipped down over his black tunic.

WHEN the families returned to their *milpas* in the mountains, the pageantry of Saturdays and Sundays was gone, and the village became again a place of mystery and silence. The doors of the houses behind the walls were locked, and the courtyards deserted. Up and down the streets, narrow and steep and walled, few people moved. "Actually," Paluna would say, "I can hear the maize growing in the *padres' milpas*." And the village was so still that often, for Paluna, whose duties in the church and the convent kept her from going to the mountains, the present would slip entirely away.

Sometimes she would stand on the high summit of a street, and look away across the rolling fields of maize, with here and there on the hillsides a little cluster of homes, or a dark clump of trees, or a row of *maguey* plants, or a lonely

From MARIA PALUNA  
Courtesy of Longmans, Green and Co.

Set in 12 point Estienne, solid.



"Well, all right." The sheriff took up his keys and, holding a cocked gun in his left hand, opened the cell door. "Go right in; I'll lock you in with him."

"Joey," said his aunt when the sheriff had retreated out of earshot, "what is this dreadful thing they are trying to fasten on you? I know you didn't do it, and I want to help you. Tell me about it, boy."

The Kid seated himself beside her on the bunk and told her of his movements the night before. "The sheriff won't listen to my explanation," he said. "When he does, everything will be all right."

"Yes, if you are given a chance to talk! Joey, the street is full of men. Greever is here with the whole O-Bar crew. They're talking of—lynching! Oh, why doesn't Tom Richardson come to town!"

"He's right busy at the ranch, I reckon. Merryfeather, his other man, is in the crowd. I reckon Tom will come along soon."

"I sincerely hope so. Joey, I'm afraid for you. These people have been prejudiced against you from the start; they are ready to believe anything. And Sheriff Penny could never stop them if they tried to take you from him."

The Kid's face was grave. "It won't come to that, I reckon."

"It might." Aunt Mary got to her feet. "I'm going to see what I can do. Good-by, Joey. Be patient." She kissed him hurriedly, called the sheriff, and left as soon as Penny had opened the door for her.

The sheriff returned to his semi-somnolent position in the chair, the shadows lengthened, and the sound of conversation in the street increased in volume. Somebody made a speech in which frequent reference was made to

*From SON OF A COWTHIEF  
Courtesy of The Macaulay Company*

Set in 11 point Old Style No. 7, with 1 point leading.

"Oh Mavis, can't you ever get your mind off business? I'll have to teach you." His arms found her again and his lips met hers. For a while, Mavis did forget business.

The next morning they went to the City Hall and were married. But if they thought that Mavis could get secretly married they were crazy.

Before they had returned to the lot it was out. A score of newspaper men were waiting for them. The press department had been busy. Mavis and Ted kissed a dozen times for the still cameras and newsreels; said how blissfully happy they were. At length they barricaded themselves—Ted, pompously possessive, Mavis a little stunned by it all.

Mavis' sudden marriage had spread like wildfire over the lot, but Mario was the only one who refused to believe it. It couldn't be true. It was just a hideous nightmare. Somehow he got through the performance. At last, when announcement was made from the arena after Mavis' turn in the ring, he knew it must be true. The fact finally registered on his numbed brain. That afternoon Mario disappeared. Neither Mitzi nor Frank knew where he had gone.

At supper time, Frank said, nonchalantly, "I guess Mario went into town for something." At seven o'clock he said, a little worried, "Mario ought to be back pretty soon." At seven-thirty he growled, "I wonder what's keeping that idiot. He'll be late for parade."

At eight o'clock, Frank was furious.

"What the devil do you suppose is keeping him?" he finally asked Mitzi. "Merton's marriage has everyone on ear enough, without him being late."

*From THE LOVE TRAPEZE  
Courtesy of The Macaulay Company*

Set in 11 point Scotch, with 1 point leading.

LA PRIMERA CONQUISTA

---

**M**E había dado mi tía dos reales y compré con ellos todo lo siguiente:

Cinco céntimos de pitillos.

Dos céntimos de fósforos de cartón.

5 Ocho céntimos de cacahuetes.

Diez céntimos de almendras.

Y un mi buen real de *confetti*, porque era Carnaval.<sup>1</sup>

Con todas estas cosas, convenientemente repartidas por los bolsillos, excepto un cigarro, que echaba en mi boca  
10 más humo que una fábrica de luz, me dirigí a San Francisco<sup>2</sup> por la calle de Santa Catalina abajo, marchando tan arrogante y derecho que no pude menos de creer que un capitán, que durante un rato fué detrás, pensaría:<sup>3</sup>

—Será militar este muchacho.

15 El paseo estaba animadísimo. Pronto hallé amigos y caras conocidas entre las nenas. Yo reservaba mis *confetti* (que entonces no se llamaban así) para Olimpia, la morenilla que iba a la escuela frente al Instituto. Pero Soledad, una rubia traviesa que al brazo con sus compañeras nos  
20 tropezó en la revuelta de un boj, se dirigió a mí resueltamente, mordió su cartucho de papeles y me lo regó por los hombros.

Soledad era muy mona (y aun creo que lo<sup>4</sup> es). Yo salí del lance lleno de vanidad; y haciendo una vuelta  
25 hábil por los jardines, volví a encontrarme frente a frente con ella. Llevaba en cada mano dos cartuchos, me adelanté hacia la rubilla traviesa y los sacudí con saña sobre su cabeza, que quedaba poco después, y los encajes de su

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From CUENTOS CONTEMPORANEOS  
Courtesy of W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

Set in 11½ point Caslon Old Face, with ¼ point leading.

*Flamineo.* To see what solitariness is about dying princes! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorced friends, and made great houses unhospitable, so now, O justice! where are their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies; the least thick cloud makes them invisible. 45

*Francisco.* There's great moan made for him.

*Flamineo.* Faith, for some few hours salt water will run most plentifully in every office o' the court: but, believe it, most of them do but weep as over their stepmothers' graves.

*Francisco.* How mean you? 50

*Flamineo.* Why, they dissemble; as some men do that live within compass o' the verge.<sup>3</sup>

*Francisco.* Come, you have thrived well under him.

*Flamineo.* Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast; I have been fed with poultry:<sup>4</sup> but, for money, understand me, I had as [55 good a will to cozen him as e'er an officer of them all; but I had not cunning enough to do it.

*Francisco.* What didst thou think of him? faith, speak freely.

*Flamineo.* He was a kind of statesman that would sooner have reckoned how many cannon-bullets he had discharged against [60 a town, to count his expense that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

*Francisco.* Oh, speak well of the duke.

*Flamineo.* I have done. Wilt hear some of my court-wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous; and to over-commend some [65 of them is palpable lying.

[*Re-enter* LODOVICO.]

*Francisco.* How is it with the duke?

*Lodovico.*

Most deadly ill.

He's fall'n into a strange distraction:

He talks of battle and monopolies,

Levying of taxes; and from that descends

To the most brain-sick language. His mind fastens

On twenty several objects, which confound

Deep sense with folly. Such a fearful end

May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,

Though they live happiest, yet they die not best.

He hath conferred the whole state of the dukedom

Upon your sister, till the prince arrive

At mature age.

*Flamineo.* There's some good luck in that yet.

*Francisco.* See, here he comes.

<sup>3</sup> The *verge*: Area extending twelve miles round the King's Court, which was under the Lord High Steward's jurisdiction.

<sup>4</sup> Historically, the ulcer in the real Bracciano's flesh was given raw meat to feed on, to prevent it from preying on his flesh—a common remedy.

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From FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION  
 Courtesy of W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

Set in 10 point Caslon Old Face, solid.

Michael (M) Armgast	Hans Jacob Hammerle
Andereas (X) Herster	Hans Jacob Hammerle
Georg Schütterlin von Hayl	Hans Jorg Voll
Georg Ross	Josias Grieb
Görg Röss	Mathias Lorentz
Hans Jacob Röss	George (H) Silber
Leonhart (+) Ziffe	Christian Strahling
Isaac (IV) Vetter	Hendrick (X) Workman
Samuel Schneyders	

[List 136 C] At the Court House at Philadelphia, Tuesday, the 26<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1749.

Present: Benjamin Shoemaker,

Joshua Maddox, Esq<sup>r</sup>, W<sup>m</sup> Hartley.

The Foreigners whose Names are underwritten, imported in the Ship *Ranier*, Henry Browning, Master, from Rotterdam, but last from . . . in England, did this day take the Oaths to the Government. By the List 126. Whole Freights 277. [From] Hanau, Wirtemberg, Darmstand, Isenburg.

Martin Katz	Friederich (X) Weitzel
Jacob Katz	Johann Hennrich Weitzel
Johanes (+) Raber	Thomas (X) Appel
Martin Glas	Johann Adam Appel
Johan ( ) Sans, sick	Johan Philip (X) Wygant
Phillipp Dähn	Jacob (X) Grawl
Johan Alfred Schalter [?]	Philip (X) Lawterbach
Johann Christoffel Brust	Conrad (+) Lauterbach
Johan Conrat Brust	Christian (X) Knipe
Jacob (+) Clem	Isaac Hess
Christoph (O) Heyndel	Johann Nicolaus Hess
J. Hans Heytzman	Johann Ludwig Hess
Jacob Kartz	Caspar (X) Streader
Johannes Landmann	Johann Henrich Stradter
Johann Wilhelm Geyer	John Henry (II) Streader
Johann Conrath Riedel	Johannes Ströder, Junior
Johan Jost (II) Reidel	Dewalt Schudt
Johanes Shneyder	Ekhart (X) Keyser
Hans Jacob Senner	Leonhart (X) Keyser
Jacob Boller	Jorg Christian Eberhardt
Sebastian Weitzel	Thomas Erich

*From PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PIONEERS  
Courtesy of Pennsylvania German Society*

## THE RED-HAIRED DOLL

HENRY CAVIN was one of the kindest, most upright men in Shady Cove—true salt of the earth—but distressingly poor. Like most of the others, his family is too large. Two years ago last Christmas, when Cavin's wife—but first let me tell something about our Christmases.

When I came into the Cove the notion of Christmas as a celebration of Christ's birthday had almost faded from public consciousness. The Christmas tree, a German device first seen in New York City less than a century ago, was unknown among our people. Their English-Scotch-Irish ancestors had already settled in the mountains at that time, and had never since been in contact with urban customs. Santa Claus, another Germanic myth, they had heard of and seen pictured; but they had never witnessed an impersonation of the genial saint. Gift-giving had become an obsolete custom among a people too poor to give. Christmas, in fact, had been established as a day on which to eat a little more than usual, to fire off guns at sunrise and—for

III

*From SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE FOOTHILLS  
Courtesy of Simon and Schuster*

Set in 11 point Caslon, with 2 point leading.



*Up in the Waldorf, Down on the Farm*

THE farmer lives upon a farm,  
 He does not live in town,  
 He eschews the strife of city life,  
 And cries the citizens down.  
 He deprecates their moral code,  
 He loathes their love of liquor,  
 And deems the weevil a lesser evil  
 Than a slippery urban slicker,

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*From THE PRIMROSE PATH  
 Courtesy of Simon and Schuster*

Set in 11½ point Scotch, with 1¼ point leading.



## THE LONG DROUTH

wind, and a wire-cut ragged across his cheek like a lightning mark. Kerrin started to laugh again and threw up her arms. She looked queer and ridiculous, and I saw how thin she'd gotten, her neck like a twist of wire, and the wind seemed to blow through her bones. It made my heart sick to look at her. Grant turned away and shaded his eyes toward the sun. "Damned old Cyclopean eye!" he muttered. Stared up hating and helpless at the sky.

The clouds moved out and apart. Enormous stretches of sky were clean as glass. The thunder sounded a long way off, almost unheard. . . . Nothing was changed at all.

## 7

CHRISTIAN RAMSEY came up that night. Father was lying out on the porch half-asleep, and had not spoken a word since the storm passed over. Kerrin said almost nothing either, only watched Grant. The coolness was gone and the wind smothered already. I think it is strange how much the mind can endure and still hold on to its shell of sanity. Does too-great fear annul itself? Too much sickness cancel pain? . . .

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*From NOW IN NOVEMBER  
Courtesy of Simon and Schuster*

Set in 11 point Baskerville, with 4 point leading.

## ON THE GREAT ROAD

"What makes you shout so?" Ustin replied with gaiety in his voice. "And tomorrow's Easter!"

"Sorry, Ustin Prokofitch," the merchant replied. "One can't see a thing—"

And the two vehicles parted company.

After a long silence, Parashka asked calmly, "Do you know him?"

"An' who doesn't know the rogue?" said Ustin. "He lived at Balmashev's farm. Now he's hatching a business of his own. He's hopping about like a thief, an' he wants to open up a shop in the village—"

Parashka put her dress in order, drew the shawl across her face, held her breath. Her heart thumped, her face grew serious. She accepted this chance meeting as something that had to happen; it did not even surprise her. What did surprise her was the lightness with which fate had so unexpectedly taken a turn.

During Easter week the merchant paid Ustin a friendly call. In the three years since Parashka had first seen him, he had not changed in the least; only his fiery eyes had become more restless. Even his clothes were the same, but this time the collar of his shirt was clean. She learned that his name was Nikanor; from his talk with her father she gathered that he was still uncertain of his future. Should he, or should he not, go to Rostov, where somebody was ready to hire him? He

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*From GRAMMAR OF LOVE  
Courtesy of Harrison Smith and Robert Haas*

Set in 11½ point Caslon Old Face, with 2½ point leading.

*find her interesting, and a pleasant diversion from the antiques with which you love to surround yourself. Wire me at my office.*

*Your affectionate and grateful brother,*

*Mat*

I told him it wasn't right to speak of a girl of twelve as a child, and he added a p.s.

*Joan has grown up since you last knew her. She will be twelve next month!*

M.

Later I asked Aunt Henry if she thought I'd grown into an interesting person. She replied that only an idiot could fail to be interesting in the midst of the happenings of that summer, which is true. It is because of those happenings that I am writing this book.

Daddy's letter had barely time to reach Aunt Henry, in Syracuse, when a telegram came flying back.

STARTING TODAY STOP PICK UP JOAN TUESDAY STOP CLOTHES UNNECESSARY STOP BUY IN BOSTON STOP DELIGHTED STOP HENRIETTA

It was Monday afternoon when Daddy hurried from his office with the telegram, and for the next

*From* TORY HOUSE MYSTERY  
*Courtesy of Harrison Smith and Robert Haas*

Set in 11 point Janson, with 3 point leading.

ruined, the town as well." Hundreds of such rumors! And always, with bated breath, the "big interests are buying us in."

But now, at the critical moment, Miss Alison was on her way home. Hope was as extravagant as fear had been. She had bided her time. She would take charge. She would oust her brother and defeat the machinations of the enemies. She had the ability, and she had the money, to save Ambleside!

Then, early in April, the hopes which had been built upon her crashed as if hit by a cyclone.

## CHAPTER II

### I

THE disaster which smote Ambleside in April was not at all the catastrophe which Percy Wickham expected almost momentarily as he sat, only a few weeks earlier, in the cupboard which he called his study on the outskirts of Houndsditch in London. He had scarcely heard the name of Ambleside.

Though a dreary brown rain was pouring down and the study was cold as a catacomb, Percy Wickham's window was wide open and he was crouched beside it, wearing his overcoat and black woolen gloves. The window was open because his nerves had come to such a state that he could not bear to be in any closed place. In church the faces of the congregation seemed to be closing in upon him. He would claw his way in a panic off a tram-car and walk miles to any open space—Green Park or Kensington Gardens. Someday, he thought, he would not be able to stop walking away from crowds, and houses which crowded upon him. He would go on walking until he came to the wide fields and the clean sea. He doubted if he would stop walking even then. This was the disaster which he expected.

*From THE STRANGER WITHIN  
Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company*

Set in 10 point Baskerville, with 1 point leading.

## A FLINT-HEADED ARROW

there one day, they asked me to have a bite of dinner with them, so I stopped a little while to get the lay of the situation. Jerking off the mochila and the saddle, I turned out my pony, but instead of going into the stable as usual, he trotted off to where some other horses were grazing.

"A few minutes later we looked up to see the horses going across the meadow with two Indians behind them. We dashed after them. I was firing my revolver as I ran, but the shots fell short. The Indians reached the cedar trees before we could. I had outdistanced the boys, and was running on in hope of getting a better shot at the thieves, when just as I was rounding a big cedar tree one of the devils let fly an arrow which caught me right in the head about two inches above the left eye. As I tumbled over, the Indians ran on with the horses, leaving me with the two boys. They tried bravely to help me, pulling at the flint-headed shaft until it came out, leaving the flint in my forehead.

"Feeling sure I would die, they rolled me under the shade of the cedar tree, and ran as fast as they could to the next station for help. Next morning some men were there to bury me, but finding me still alive they put off the funeral. I was carried to the station, and a doctor was brought from Ruby Valley. All he did was to get the flint out of my head and leave me there in care of the boys; he had no

[ 77 ]

*From THE PONY EXPRESS GOES THROUGH  
Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company*

Set in 12 point Garamond, with 2 point leading.

they felt really safe. Perhaps the unexpected relief from the constant thought of unknown danger rather went to their heads. Yvonne looked like a little girl. N'nonon set about arranging their belongings in the roomy lodge assigned to them, in a peaceful sort of satisfaction. Enoch took up his quarters with Saguasis and some of the other young braves, who seemed to like him as much as he liked them. Their language was not just like the dialect he knew, but they could make each other out. Saguasis and two or three others knew some English.

Yvonne was soon chattering and laughing with the Indian girls of her own age, making a jest of her own mistakes in their language, interested in all they did. They knew that she was a chief's daughter, and they thought that the dignified and silent squaw, whom both she and the young chief with the yellow hair treated with such respect and affection, probably was her grandmother.

The day after they arrived she found a use for her new basket, for she went with the girls and women strawberrying, to a place they knew of, three or four miles away—hillsides where the grass grew tall. The plant, which hugs the ground in unsheltered places or in scanty grass, here stood more than six inches tall, reaching up the great clusters of its red heart-shaped berries

*From THE TOMAHAWK TRAIL  
Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company*

Set in 12 point Caslon, with 2 point leading.

them, receiving their good-natured kicks as he passed their aisles, but now they hurried toward the trolleys, their minds intent upon their suppers. After all, he wasn't a union man, he was just a janitor, a porter, he picked up scraps and cleaned the lavatories. Surely something would turn up for the old gent, he was as strong, as healthy, as a horse.

Old Hooper-Dooper stared painfully ahead, seeing their disappearing figures. The men grew smaller, hurrying for the trolleys. Up and down the factory street other plants began squeezing out employees. The dark flowing mass, catching the old Croatian in its strong, home-going tide, swept him along, pushing and battering his identity. The tramp of marching feet beat like a drum in his ears.

And so passes old Hooper-Dooper from the scene; he fades into the spring dusk of the city, is swept along by men in darkness, is swallowed up and disappears.

#### IV

KARL HEITMAN felt badly about the old janitor's discharge. He had known the old fellow years back when old Hooper-Dooper had worked at another foundry. He took the discharge of the old man as an opportunity to hold another shop "forum" in economics and began talking to the men, trying to rouse them from their smug trade-union stupor. He dealt with human values, not in theories.

"You see how it is," he said with feeling. "Here we had an old faithful fellow, he worked here for over ten years, and probably got about fifteen dollars a week, and now, because he plays a single little joke which harms nobody, he gets fired and is thrown upon the junk pile."

The men listened a while, some with sympathy, but soon

*From THE FOUNDRY  
Courtesy of The Viking Press*

Set in 11 point Scotch, with 2 point leading.

the hills now and then. If you don't spend too much, we can manage it all right."

So she would take her revenge on Van Beek. He was a bad boy—what had come over him all at once? But the thought of a holiday was also tempting—a holiday at last from this awful isolation, to meet fresh faces again after all these years! For a moment the thought of Brinkman came to her, but she quickly put it aside. She gave Pieter a kiss and went off, singing, to pack her trunk. She would have to buy a few nice clothes, she thought; she would relieve him of a little of his money, the miser!

Next morning very early, as the sea was gently rising and falling, she left by the little steam launch.

## VIII

BETTY was away for three weeks, and returned a different woman—gay and cheerful. Pieter met her with the buggy. She had a hundred things to tell him, and had brought back some new pretty clothes. She unpacked her trunk and made an incredible litter in her room.

"Look at this coral! And this frock, isn't it rather ducky? It's for best. How do you like me in this hat?" She went to the looking-glass and put on her new hat. "Isn't it a dream?" She glanced at him gaily. But he saw only that she looked adorable again—fresh and buoyant, sunburnt, and bubbling over with high spirits. For three weeks he had been longing for her, and now he seized her round her waist and drew her down on to the divan. He took the hat off her head and threw it on the floor.

*From THE OTHER WORLD  
Courtesy of The Viking Press*

Set in 10 point Janson, with 3 point leading.





### *“Remember the Alamo!”*

**I**F only your Colonel Travis would be warned, dear Sue! He must know that his handful of men can never hold the Alamo against the thousands marching hither with Santa Anna.” Doña Musquiz’s face was troubled as she laid Sue’s baby gently back in the cradle and turned to her friend.

“Perhaps they will send us more soldiers,” said Sue hopefully. “Come what may, Almaron says both Colonel Travis and Colonel Bowie are determined to win or die. Fancy how puffed up General Santa Anna would be if he walked into the Alamo without a battle!”

Doña Musquiz sighed. Susanna Dickerson was so young, so afire with hope and bravery! She had sat down to rock the cradle, and looked up now as she spoke, her brown eyes flashing and her pink cheeks flushed a deeper shade with generous emotion. She looked prettier than ever, thought Doña Musquiz, with her black curls tumbling about that flushed and spirited face.

“Is it true,” asked Doña Musquiz, “that, before Colonel Travis came, General Houston told Colonel Neill to tear down the fortress and retreat?”

“He had no way to cart off the cannon and could not bear to leave them for the enemy,” said Sue. It seemed a perfectly natural

of Isis better than any other man who has written about her. In one of his works he depicts a scene in front of the Sphinx, after the overthrow of the Egyptians by the Persians.

The Egyptian gods are standing in front of the Sphinx saying: "We bid thee farewell, Mother Egypt, our shelter for thousands upon thousands of years. Out of thy mud we were created, into thy mud we return again."

*Sphinx*: "Tell me who gave you these monstrous shapes and who named ye gods?"

*The Gods*: "The priests gave them to us and the priests named us gods. Now the priests are slain and we perish with the priests because we are but gods made out of thy mud, O Egypt."

*Isis* appears: "Behold me. I am thy lost spirit, but thou, O Egypt, did not create me, for I created thee by a *divine command*. I am she whom men know as Isis here upon the Nile, but whom all the world and all the worlds beyond the world know as nature, the visible garment of the Almighty God. Yet I remain and thou remainest, O Egypt. Aye, though we be called by many names in the infinite days to come, as we have been called in the infinite days that are gone, ever shall we remain."

Rider Haggard does not say whether he took this speech from some ancient document or not. Without doubt he had a good foundation for it. One very prominent point stands boldly out, where Isis says "by *divine command*." These are the identical words used in the Sacred Inspired Writings of the Motherland referring to Creation, as shown in my last work, *The Lost Continent of Mu*.

Isis was the symbol of the Moon. The Moon was her head ornament during all religious ceremonies. The Moon was the ancient symbol for the feminine principle

From THE CHILDREN OF MU  
Courtesy of Ives Washburn, Inc.

Set in 12 point Caslon, with 2 point leading.

it seemed that nothing more was needed but a fashionable wedding.

Now, according to Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, who was the only man likely to know for certain, Sir Percy's views on the subject were not very clear. To his best friend he confided the fact that he did not know what disease he had caught and supposed that he was just mad like all the Blakeneys. He did not—naturally, perhaps—put his feelings on record in his diary, but Sir Andrew did subsequently declare openly that the whole thing amounted to this: Blakeney had realised that marriage for him was something of a duty. A man in his position was under obligation to marry in order to carry on the title and to have a woman presiding over his household.

Besides, he was thoroughly tired of the match-making dowagers who buzzed around him like flies, bombarding him with their wiles and their often unattractive daughters. Far better, he thought, to get oneself tied to some ineffectual maiden and be, thereafter, totally free to do as one liked. And Mary de Courcy seemed to fit the case exactly. She was exceedingly pretty; he was definitely attracted to her, liked her, in fact, well enough, and, as far as he knew, she seemed to reciprocate his feelings such as they were.

Unfortunately for her, Mary prattled.

When her avowed intentions stood revealed and Sir Percy was allowed a glimpse into her mean, petty little soul, he was so disgusted that she was quite taken aback, not to say frightened, by his sudden show of anger. There ensued a terrible scene during which neither kept their tempers or concealed their hidden thoughts. The lady was more furious at losing the prize than at the bitter truths hurled at her. Sir Percy was not only angry, he was touched to the quick, his pride was reduced to

*From THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL  
Courtesy of Ives Washburn, Inc.*

Set in 11 point Janson, with 1 point leading.

## JULIE TAKES SIDES

ders here?—if I ain't presumin' too much by inquirin'?" Sandy asked with broadly exaggerated politeness.

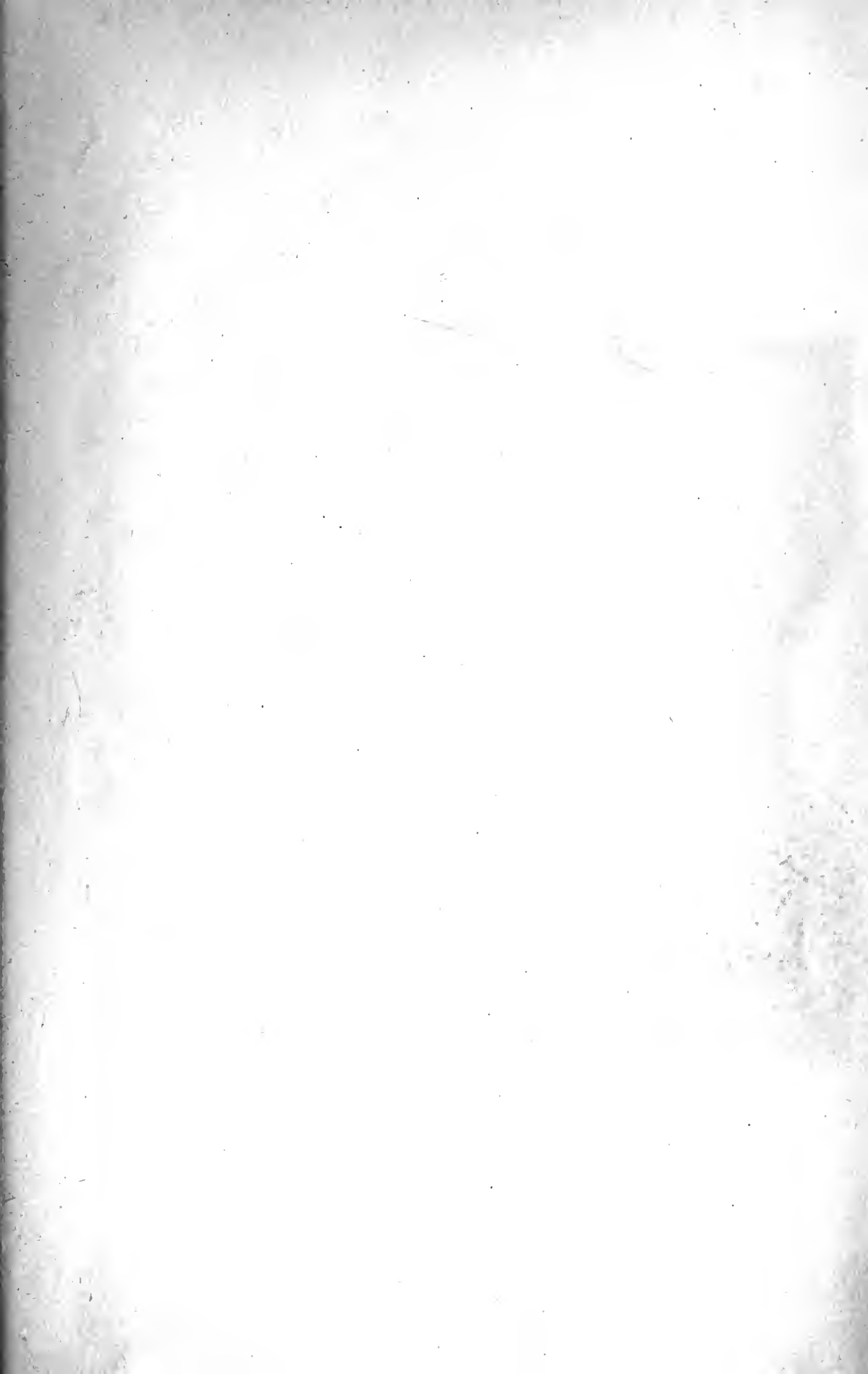
"Since my father's death this morning. I'm his heir, and the owner of the ranch—an' I'm employin' only honest, dependable men on it. Yuh're neither. Are yuh sober enough to go peaceable, or do yuh want me to use force an' have yuh put off?"

Sandy looked him over from head to foot.

"I dunno just where yuh're figurin' on scarin' up the force," he remarked coolly; "unless yuh've got a gang of yuhr Lazy T Bar pals hid around somewheres—an' the boy's 'ld stampede 'em in jig time, I wouldn't wonder.

"But no matter about that. I'll go peaceable when—and if—yuh can prove to me that Skyline's yuhrs. Yuhr say-so don't mean nothin' to me, Mortimer. I wouldn't take yuhr word for it that Abe Lincoln ain't president this year."

Mortimer's face darkened; his black brows drew together in an ugly scowl. But he knew better than to make any move that might be construed as threatening. He was a good shot.





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